THE

EXPLOITS

OF

WISE WILLIE

AND

Witty Eppie, the Ale-Wife of

BUCKHAVEN.

WITH

A Description of their College and Coat of Arms, Lang Sandy and Rolicoughing Jenny's Wedding, &c. &c. &c.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE

HISTORY

OF

WISE WILLIE, AND WITTY EPPIE,

The Ale-Wife.

PART I.

AMONGST several ancient old records, this Bucky is not mentioned. There was a sect called Buccaneers, who were pirates, (that is to say sea robbers); but strict search being made for these sea robbers, they were dispersed.—What of them escaped in the southern climate, are said to shelter at or near Berwick-on-Tweed. Having differed among themselves, a smart battle ensued, after which they divided; and it is said, the party who gained this Bucky battle, fearing the English law would take place, they set northward, and took up their residence at Bucky-haven, so called, not only on account of the great quantities of buckies that are found in and about the place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick, when they divided, which they called bucking one another, but now named boxing or fighting. Another party of those Buckers settled in a fishing town

near Banff, called Bucky, and near the river Spey, which is now a pretty large sea-town. But among all the sea-towns in Scotland, the fishers still retain a language quite different from the people in the country; and always they shift the letter H, and use O instead thereof, which no country-people in Scotland do but themselves. There is a corruption of speech in every country over all Britain, and likewise they use different tones and ways of pronouncing words from others; even some in the south of Scotland can hardly be understood by those in the north, tho' both pretend to speak good English, and have a liberal part of education: But since learning is now so easy to be obtained, ignorance and corruption of speech are greatly decreased.

In the county of Fife, on the sea-coast, there stands a little town, inhabited by few but fishers, called Bucky-harbour, because of sea-buckies and shells to be found so plenty on the rocks about that place. There is little mention made of this town by Historians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own Burges-Ticket, which was partly perfect truth, but more of it by way of lampoon. This Ticket was dated the two-and-thirtieth day of the month of Julius Cæsar. Their Coat

of Arms was two hands gripping each other over a Scate's rumple. Their oath was, "I wish that de De'il may tak me, an I binna an honest man to you, an ye binna de like to me." An article of good neighbourhood they had, whoever was first up in a good morning, was to raise all the rest to go to sea; but if a very bad morning, piss and go to bed again till break of day, then raise Wise Willy, who could judge of the weather by the blawing of the wind.—Their freedoms were, To take all sorts of fish contained in their Tickets, viz., Lobsters, partons, podlies, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flucks, pikes, dick-podocks, and p—fish.

Again, these people are said to have descended from one Tom and his two sons, who were fishers on the coast of Norway, who in a violent storm, were blown over, and got ashore at Buckharbour, where they settled; and the whole of his children were called Thomsons, and soon became a little town by themselves, as few of any other name dwelt among them. This is a traditional story, handed down from one generation to another.—They kept but little communication with country people about them, for a farmer, in those days, thought his daughter cast away, if she married

one of the fishers in Bucky-harbour ; and on the other hand, Witty Eppie, the ale-wife, wada sworn, Be-go, laddie, I wad rather see my boat an a' my three sons dadet against the Bass, or I saw ony ane o' them married to a muck a-byre's daughter ; a whin useless tappies, it can do naething but rive at a tow rock, and cut a corn ; they can neither bait a hook nor rade a line, houk sand-eels, nor gather pirriwinkels.

Now, Wise Willie and witty Eppie the ale wife, lived there about a hundred years ago. Eppie's Chamber was their College and Court-house, where they decided controversies, and explained their wonders ; for the house was like a little kirk, had four windows and a gayle door; the wives got leave to flyt their fill, but fighting was prohibited, as Eppie said, "Up-hands was fair play." Their fines was a pint o' ale, and Eppie sale'd it at a plack the pint. They had neither minister nor magistrate, nor yet a burley-bailie, to brag them wi' his Tolbooth. The Lord o' the Manor decided all disputable points, and Wise Willie and Witty Eppie, the ale-wife, were the rulers of the town.

Now, Eppie had a daughter, she ca'd her Lingle-tail'd Nancy, because of her feckless growth ; her waist was like a

twitter, had nae curpen for a creel, being Edinburgh bred, and brought up wi' her Loudin aunty, was learned to read, and sew, made coarse claiths, and callicoe mancoes; there was nae a scholar in the town but hersel, she read the Bible and the Book of kirk sangs was newly come in fashion. Willy and Eppie tell'd them ay what it meant, and said a' the letters in it was litted by my Lord, for they saw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water, and made crooked scores, just like the same; and then he spoke o'er again, and it tell'd him what to say.

1. It happened on a day, that two of their wives, near the town, found a horse-shoe, and brought it home, and sent for Willie to see what it was: Willie comes and looks at it; Indeed, co' Willie, it's a thing and holes in't! I kent, co' they, he wad get a name till't. A' ho! co' Willie, whar did ye find it? Aneath my Lord's ain house, Willie. Adeed, said Willie, it's the auld moon, I ken by the holes in't, for nailing it to the lift; but I winder if she fell in Fife, for the last time it I saw her, she was hinging on her back about Edinburgh. A-hech co' Willie, we'll set her upon the highest house in the town, and we'll hae moonlight o' our ain a' the days o' the year. The whole town ran to see the moon!

Hout.tout, said Witty Eppie, ye're but a' fools thegither; it's but ane o' the things it my Lord's mare wears upon her lufe.

2. At another time one of the wives found a hare with its legs broken, lying among her kail in the yard: She not knowing what it was, called out to her neighbour to see it. Some said it was a Gentleman's cat; or my Lady's lap dog, or a sheep's young kitlen, because it had saft horns: Na, na, cried Wise Willie, it's ane o' the maukins it gentlemen's dogs worries.—What will we do wi't? Staith, co' they all, we'll sing the woo' aff, and make fish and sauce o't to my Tammie's paarich. Na, na, said Witty Eppie, better gie't to my Lord, an' he'll stap an iron stick through the guts a't, an' gar't rin round afore the fire till it be roasted. Na, na, said Wise Willie, we'll no do that indeed; for my Lord wad mak us a' dogs an' gar us rin through the country seeking maukins for him.

3. It happened in a dark winter morning, that two of their wives were going to Dysart to sell their fish; and on the road side there happened to be some tinker's ass tathered.—The poor ass seeing the two wives coming with their creels, thought it was the tinkers coming to flit or relieve him, fell a crying;

the two wives threw their fish away, and run home like mad persons, crying they had seen the de'il, ay, the very horned de'il, and that he spoke to them, but they did na ken what he said, for it was worse than a highlandman's; the whole town was in an uproar; some would go with picks and spades, and hagg him in pieces; others wad go and catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown them. Na, na, co' Wise Willie, we mauna cast out wi' him at the first, as he's gotten the twa burdens o' fish, he'll e'en gang his wa' an' no fash us nae mair; he is o'er souple to be catch'd in a net; a' your pith will neither hang him nor drown him, and the kintry he comes frae, is a' het coals, he'd never burn: We'll go to him in a civil manner, and see what he wants. Get out Witty Eppie, the ale-wife, and Lingle-tail'd Nancy, wi' the Bible and Psalm-Book. So aff they came in a crowd either to kill the de'il or catch him alive: And as they came near the place, the ass fell a-crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back. Na, na, co' Willie, that's nae the de'ils words at a', it's my Lord's trumpeter touting on his brass whistle. Willie ventured till he saw the ass's twa lugs, Now, cried Willie back to the rest, come forward an' had

him fast! I see his twa horns; hech, sirs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man! So they inclosed the poor ass on all sides, thinking it was the de'il; but when Wise Willie saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, Scarna lads, this is no the de'il, it's some living beast; it's neither cow nor horse. An' what is't then, Willie? Indeed co' Willie, it's the father o' the maukins, I ken by its lang lugs.

Now, some say this history is too satirical; but it is according to the knowledge of those times, not to say any place by another. The old wives will tell you yet of many such stories, of the devil appearing to their grandfathers and grandmothers; and dead wives coming back again to visit their families long after being dead: So this Buck-haven was once noted for droll exploits; but it is now become more known, and a place said to produce the hardiest watermen, or sailors, of any town on the Scots coast. Yet, many of the old people in it still retain the old tincture of their ancient and uncultivated speech, such as, Be-go laddie; they are also of a fiery nature, for if you ask any of their wives, where their College stands, they'll tell you, if your nose were in their a—, your mouth would be at the door of it.

4. Now, it happened when Wise Willie turned old, he took a great swelling in his wame and casting up his kail, collops, and cauld fish, that nothing could stand on his stomach; and a stout stomach had he, for crabs heads, and scatebroe, or brose in a bridal morning; yet it fail'd him, and he fell sick. None could cure him, nor tell what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage doctor came to Kirkaldy, that could judge by people's piss, the trouble of their person.—Wise Willie hearing of his fame, pissed into a bottle, and sent it away with his daughter.—The bottle being uncorked, his daughter spilt it by the way; and to conceal her sloth in so doing, pissed in it herself, and on she goes, till she came to the stage-doctor, when she cried out aloud, Sir doctor, Sir doctor, here is a bottle of my father's wash, he has a sair guts, and needs na' drite ony, but spues a' he eats. It's true I tell you, my dow. The doctor looks at it, then says, It's not your father's, surely it's your mother's. The de'ils itha man, said she, divna I ken my father frae my mother. Then, said he, he is with child. The de'ils itha man, co' she, for my mither bare a' de bairns before, dat's no true, sir; figs ye're a great liar. Hame she comes, and tell'd Willie, her father, that the

doctor said he was wi' bairn. O waes me, co' Willie, for I hae a muckle wame, and I fear it's o'er true. O plague on you; Janet! for ye're the father o't, an' I'm sure to die in bearing o't. Witty Eppie was sent for, as she was a houdie; an' she fand a' Willie's wame, to be sure about it. Indeed, co' Eppie, ye're the first man e'er I saw wi' bairn before, an' how you'll bear it I dinna ken, ye hae a wally wame, well I wat; but how men bear bairns I dinna ken: But I would drink salt sea-water, and drown it in my guts; for if men get ance the gate o' bearing weans themselves, they'll seek nae mair wives. So Willie drank sea-water till his guts was like to rive, and out he got to ease himself in the kail-yard, and with the terrible noise of his farting, up starts a maukin behind him, who thought it was shot: Willie seeing her jump o'er the dike, thought it was a child brought forth, and cries out, Come back, my dear, and be christened, and dinna rin to the hills to be a Pagan. So Willie grew better every day thereafter, being brought to bed in the kail-yard; but his daughter was brought to bed some months after, which was the cause of the doctor's mistake.

PART II.

1. Now, Wise Willie had a daughter called Rolling Coughing Jenny, because she spake thick, sax words at three times, ha'f sense, ha'f nonsense, as her own records will bear witness. She being wi' child, was delivered of a bonny lassie; and all the wives in the town cried out, Be-go, laddie, it's just like its ain father, Lang Sandy Tason, (or Thomson,) we ken be its nose; for Sandy had a great muckle red nose, like a lobster's tae, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb; and Sandy himself said, that it was surely his, or some other body's; but he had used a' his birr at the getting o't, to try his abilities, being the first time e'er he was at sic a business before; and when he had done a' that man could do at it, he said it was nonsense; an' shame fa, him, but he would rather row his boat round the Bass an' back again, or he'd do the like again: for Wise Willy gade wude at the wean, an' said it had mair ill-nature in't, than the auldest wife about the town; for it pissed the bed, and shit the bed, skirl'd like a wild cat, and kept him frae his night's rest; and the auld haggs about the town ca'd him Sandy, the bairn's daddy; and a' the young

gilliegauky lassies held out their fingers and cried, Tie, hie, hie, Sandy, the kirk will kittle your hips for that: An' after a', the blear-ey'd bell-man came bladdering about the buttock-meal, summoned him and her before the haly band, a court that was held in the kirk on Sunday-morning; and all the herd laddies round about, cried, Ay, aye, Sandy, pay the bull-siller, or we'll cut the cow's tail awa'. So poor Sandy suffered sadly in the flesh, besides the penalty and kirk penance.

2. But Wise Willie had pity on them, and gade wi' them to the Kirk-court, what learned folk call the Session. Jenny was first called upon, and in she goes, where a' the haly band was convened, elders and younger deacons, and dog-payers keeping the door, the cankardest carls that could be gotten between Dysart and Dubyside, white heads and bald heads sitting wantin' bonnets, wi' their white headed staves and hodden-grey jockey-coats about them.

Mess John says, Come away, Janet, we're waiting on you here.

Min. Now Janet, where was this child gotten? you must tell us plainly.

Jan. A deed sir, it was gotten among the black stanes, at the cheek o' the crab holes.

Mess John stares at her, not knowing

the place, but some of the eklers did. Then said he, O Janet but the devil was busy with you at that time.

Jan. A by my fegs, sir, that's a great lie ye're tellin' now, for the de'il was nae there that I saw, nor ony body else, to bid us do ae thing or anither; we lo'ed ither unco well for alang time before that, an' syne wo tell'd ither, an' 'greed to marry ither, like honest folk; then might na we learn to do the thing married folk do, without the de'il helping us.

Whisht, whisht, cried they, ye should be scourg'd, fause loon quein it thou is, ye're speaking nonsense.

Jan. De de'ils i' the carles, for you and your ministers is liars, when ye say it is de de'il it was helping Sandy and me to get de bairn.

Come, come, said they, pay down the Kirk-dues, and come back to the stool the morn; the price is four pund, and a groat to the bell-man.

Jan. The auld thief speed the darth o't sir, far less might sair you and your bell-man baith. O but this be a warld indeed, when poor honest folks maun pay for making use o' their own a—t. Ye misca' the poor de'il a-hint his back, and gi'es him de wyte o' a' de ill in de kintry, bastard bairns, and every thing; an' if it be sae as ye say, ye may thank de de'il for that four pund and a groat I ha'e gi'en ye; that gars your pot play brown, an' gets you jockey coats, an' purl-handed sarks, an' white-headed staves, when my father's pot wallops up rough beer and blue water.

The woman is mad, said they, for this money is all given to the poor of the parish.

Jan. The poor o' the parish! said she; fint a heit ye gi'e them but wee pickles o' pease meal, didna I see't in their pocks? and the mister's wife gi'es naething ava to unco beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parishes; and yet ye'll tak the purse frae poor folks for naething but playing the loon a wee or they be married, an' syne cock them up to be looked on an' laughed at by every body: a de'il speed you an' your justice, sir. Hute, tute, ye're a' coming on me like a wheen colly dogs hunting awa' a poor ragget chapman frae the door. So out she goes cursing and greeting.—Sandy is next called upon, and in he goes.

Min. Now, Sanders you must tell us how this child was gotten?

San. A now, Mess John, sir, ye hae bairns o' your ain, how did you get them? But yours are a' laddies, and mine is but a lassie; if you'd tell me how you got your laddies, I'll tell you how I got my lassie, an' than we'll be baith alike good o' the business.

The Minister looks at him, and says, Hute, tute, Sanders, lay down four pund and a groat, and come back to-morrow to the stool and give satisfaction to the congregation; you had more need to be seeking repentance for the abominable sin of uncleanness than speaking so to me.

San. Well, here's your siller, sir, I hae gotten but poor penny-worths for't, an ye tell me to repent for't; what the auld thief needs I repent when I'm gaun to marry the woman, an' than I hae to do't o'er again every day, or there'll be nae peace in the house; figs it's nonsense to pay siller, repent, an' do't again too, a fine advice indeed, master Minister! an' that's the way the like o' ye live.

Wise Willie. Now, sir, an' you master elders, ye maunna put them on the black creepy till they be married, they've suffered enough at ae time.

A-weel, a-weel, said they, but they must marry very soon.

I true, says Sandy, ye'll be wanting mair clink; foul hae't ye do for naething here.

Hame comes Sandy, starving o' hunger, ye might have casten a knot on his lang guts. His mither was baking pease bannocks, up he gets a lump of her laven into his mouth. Auld thief be in your haggies-bag, Sandy, says his mither, Kirk-fouk are ay greedy; ye hae been wi' the Minister a' day; ye'd get a guid lang grace, he might a gien ye meat too: filthy dog that thou is, thou haes the bulk o' a little pie o' my leaven in your guts; it wad a saird ane's dinner, sae wad it e'en, but an ye keep a reekin' house an a roaking cradle three eleven years, as I hae done, less o' that will serve you yet, bagging beast itu is, mair it I bore thee now, a hear ye that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law, against the good-man of Muiredge, a farmer who lived near by, that kept sheep and swine. His sheep came down and broke their yards, and ate up their kail; the wild hares they thought belonged to the same man, as they ran to his house

when they were hunted. The swine came very often in about their houses, seeking fish guts and any thing they could get: So it happened, when one of the children was sitting easing itself, that one of the swine tumbled it over, and bit a piece out of its backside! The whole town rose in an uproar against poor grunkie, and they caught her, and takes her before Wise Willie. Willie took an axe and cut two or three inches off her long nose. Now, says Willie, I trow I hae made thee something like another beast; thou had sic a lang mouth before, it wad a frighted a very de'il to look at ye, but now ye're fac'd like a little horse or cow. The poor sow ran home roaring, all blood, and wanting the nose: which caused Muiredge to warn them in before my Lord. So the wives that had their kail eaten appeared first in the Court, complaining against Muiredge. Indeed, my Lord, said they, Muiredge is no a good man, when he is sic an ill neighbour; he keeps black hares and white hares, little wee brown-backed hares wi' white arses, an louse wagging horns; they creep in at our water gush holes an does the like: When we cry pussie, pussie, they rin hame to Muiredge: But I'll gar my colly haul them fast by the fit, an I'll had them by the

horn, an pu' the hair aff them, and send 'em hame wanting the skin, as he did wi' Sowen Tammie's wee Sandy, for codlin o' his pease, he took aff the poor laddie's coat, an sae did he e'en. And Willie said, If ye were a sow, my Lord, an me sitting driting, an you to bite my arse; sudna I hae amends o' you for that? Od, my Lord, ye wadna hae a bit out o' your arse for twenty marks: Ye maun e'en gar Muiredge gie ten marks to buy a plaster, to heal the poor bit wean's arse again.

Well said, Willie, says my Lord; but who puts on the sow's nose again?

A fegs, my Lord, said Willie, she's honester like wantin it, an she'll bite nae mae arses wi't: An ye had hane a nose my Lord, as lang as the sow had, ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad cut a piece af 't.

4. A Gentleman coming past near their town, asked one of their wives where their College stood? Said she, Gie me a shilling, an I'll let you see baith sides o't. He gives her the shilling, thinking to see something curious. Now, said she, there's the one side of your shilling, and there's the other; so it's mine now.

Now, Wise Willie being greatly admired for his just judgment in cutting

off the sow's nose, my Lord, in a mocking manner, made him burly-bailie of Buckhaven; Lang Sandy was Provost, and John Thrums the weaver was dean of guild, But Witty Eppie had ay the casting vote in a' their courts and controversies.

PART III.

1. There happened one day a running horse to be standing at one of their doors, and a child going about, the horse tramped upon the child's foot, which caused the poor child to cry: The mother came running in a passion, crying, A wae be to you for a horse, filthy barbarian brute it t'ou is, setting your muckle iron lufe on my bairn's wee fittie. Od, stir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head, gripping the horse by the mane and the twa lugs, cuffing his chafts, as he had been her fellow-creature, crying Be-go, laddie, I'll gar you as good, I'll tak you afore Wise Willie the bailie, an he'll cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe, an ye'll be cripple, an gang thro' the kintry in a barrow, or on twa shul staves, like Rab the randy, an a meal pock about your neck.—Her neighbour wife hearing an seeing what past, cries, O you fool taupy, what gars you speak that gate till a horse? He disna ken ae word that ye're sayin till him.

2. When Lang Sandy and Rolincoughing Jenny were married, their wedding took up three days and two nights. My Lord, and my Lady, with several other ladies and gentlemen, attended for diversions sake. The piper of Kirkcaldy

and the fidler of Kinghorn were both bidden by Wise Willie, the bride's father; and if any more came to play unbidden, Willie swore they should sit unsair'd, for these twa sud get a' de siller dat was to be gi'en or win. That day the dinner and dorter-meat satin Eppie's College, and the dancing stood in twa rings before the door: and the first day, the dunting and dangling of their heels dang down the sea-dyke; some stumbled in, and some held by the stones; the fidler fell in o'er the lugs, and druckit a' his fidle, the her strings ga'ed out o' order, and the tripes turn'd salt like pudding skins; so the piper had to do for a', and the fidler had naething to do but sup kail and pick banes wi' the rest of them. Now, my Lord's cook was to order the kettle, but lang Pate o' the pans play'd a sad prat, by casting twa pound of candle among the kail, which made them so fat that some could not sup them, and the candle wicks came ay into their cutties, like souter's lingles in the dishes, but some wi' stronger somachs' stripped them through their teeth like rats' tails, and said, mony ane wad be blyth o' sic a string to tie up their hose in a pinch. My Lord and the gentry, Mess John and the Clerk, were all placed at the head of the table, opposite the bride, but would sup none of the candle kail. Wise Willie and the bridegroom served the table, and cried, Sup, an' a sorrow to ye, for I ne'er liked sour kail about my house. When the flesh came, the bride got a ram's rumple to pick: She taks it up and wags it at my Lord, saying, Ti-hie, my Lord, what an a piece is this? O, said my Lord, that's the tail piece, it belongs to you bride. It's no mine, I never had the like o't; it's a fish-tail,

see as it wags, but it's a bit o' some dead beast. O yes, said he, bride, you have hit it now; but how came you to eat with your gloves on? Indeed, my Lord, there's a reason for dat too; I scabbed hands.—O, said he, I cannot believe you. She pulled off a part of the glove, and shewed him. O yes, said he, I see it is so. Acha, said she, but I wish ye saw my a—e, my Lord, it's a' in ae hotter. O fy, William, said my Lord, I wonder you don't teach your daughter to speak with more modesty. Be my sae, my Lord, ye may as well kiss her a—e. I find so, said my Lord, but it is for want of a teacher.

The next dish that was set on the table, was roasted hens: and the bride's portion being laid on her plate, she says to my Lord, Will ye let me dip my fowl a—e amang your sauce? Upon my word said my Lord, I will not, if it be as you tell me. Hute, my Lord said the bride, it's nae my a—e, it's but de hen's I mean.—O but, said he, it's the fashion for every one to eat off their own trencher, you may get more sauce, I can manage my own myself. Indeed, my Lord, said she, I thought you liket me better nor ony ither body True, said he, but I like you should not speak ill of my Lady, for she hears myself best. Deed, my Lord, I think ye're the best body about the house, for your Lady's but a stinking pride-fu' jade, she think that we sud mak de fish an de haddies a' alike; be-go, my Lord, she thinks we can shape them as de hens does their eggs wi' their a—e. O bride, says he, you should not speak ill of my lady, for she hears you very well. O deed, my Lord, I had nae mind o' dat. Well then, said he, drink to me, or them you like best, Then, says she, there's to yea' de gidder, heels o'er

head. Very well, said, says, my Lord, that's good sense.

Dinner being over, my Lord desired the bride to dance. Indeed, my Lord, said she, I canna dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop fornent yours, an than we'll rin round about as fast's we can. Very well bride, said he, that will just do; we shall neither kiss nor shake hands, but I'll bow to thee, and ye'll beck to me, se we'll have done.—So, after the dinner and dancing, my Lord exhorted the bride to be a good neighbour, and 'gree with every body round about. I wat weel, my Lord, said she, ye ken I ne'er cast out wi' ony body but Lang Pate o' the Pans, an he had a' de wite o't; he began wi' heiteng and jeering me about Sandy, de black stanes an de crab holes where de wain was gotten; an then it turned to a hubbub an a cuilashangy, an or e'er ye cou'd kiss'd my a—e, my Lord, he was aboon ither on the mussel midden. I trow I tell'd him o' Randy Rab, his uncle, his ain titty, it steal'd de sarks an drank de siller, an how his mither sal'd maucky mutton, an mair than a' that, sae did I e'en my Lord.

3 My Lord had a friend, a captain in the army, who came to visit him; and having heard of the Buckers' saying and exploits, was desirous to see them. My Lord, to put them in a fright, sent his servant to order them, both men and women' to come up before his gate to-morrow about kail time; and all that did not come, was to flit and remove out of my Lord's ground directly. This put the whole town in a terrible consternation! Some ran to Wise Willie, to see if he could tell what it meant. Willie said, that it was before something; and he said he was sure

death was the worst o't, come what will. But Witty Eppie said, I ken well what's to come, he's gaun to make de men o's a' sodgers, an the wives dragoons, because they're the best fighters: I ken there's something to come on the town, for our Nancy saw Maggy's gaist the streen it was buried about four weeks since syne. A hech, co Willie, that's a sign the meal is dear in the ither warld, when she comes back to this ane again: We'll tak our dinner afore we gae to my Lord, we'll mae be near come back again. So away they went, lamenting, all in a crowd, My Lord and the Captain was looking over the window when they arrived; and the Captain cries to them, To the right about. To which they answered, O bless you, my Lord, what is dat man saying? Says my Lord, He bids you turn your faces to Maggy's hill, and your a—es to the sea; which they did with all haste. An what will we do now? said Willie. No more, said my Lord but go all home Willie. O my dow! O my blessing come o'er your bonny face, my Lord; I wish you may never die, nor yet grow sick, nor naebody tell you; ye are the best man in a' the warld, for we thought a' to be dead men or sodgers, ye're wiser than a' the witches on the coast of Fife, or in a' the warld.

4. There was a custom in Bucky harbour, when they got a hearty drink; that they went down to dance among the boats; and two or three of the oldest went into a boat to see the rest dance. And when they admitted a burgher, there was always a dance. One day they admitted gly'd Rob, who was a warlike, and made them all to stop their dancing; for which he was carried before Wise Willie, to answer for

that his crime; for which he was banished to the Isle of May, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, to carry coals to the Light-House.

The Bucky lads and lassies, when they go to gather bait, tell strong stories about ghosts, witches, Willie wi' the wisp, and the Kelpy, fairies, maukens, and bogles of all sorts. They think the ghosts, go all night, like auld horses, for fear of being seen, and be made to carry scate fish, and dulce. They think Witches are the worst kind of devils, and make use of cats to ride upon, or kill kebbers and besom-shafts; and that they sail over the sea in cockle shells, and bewitches lads and lsases, and disables bride-grooms. They think Willie and the Wisp is a fiery Devil, and leads people aff their road to drown them in the sea. They think Kelpy is a fly devil, and roars before a loss at sea. And they believe that the Fairies left new-born bairns from their mothers; and that none of them are safe to lie with their mothers for a night or two after they are born, unless the mother get a pair of men's breeches under their head, which sets the Fairies adrift. But if they neglect to do this, they say the Fairies will carry of the child, and leave an old stock of wood with the mother.